THREE EASTER MORNINGS.

A HUMBLE room—and humble men
Cast down and broken-hearted,
With faltering tones and weeping eyes,
Bemoan their Lord departed.

Beyond, a lonely, rocky grave,
By angel guard attended,
And two sad women come to weep
O'er hopes forever ended.

"Where have ye laid my Lord?" one cries,
While tears are falling faster;
So strong her doubts that later faith
Can scarcely falter: "Master!"

Above, a throng in burst of song,
High holiday are keeping.
"Thy work is done, Thou risen One,"
But men below are weeping.

"O radiant day!" the blessed say;
"O day of mirth and gladness!"
"O darkest day!" men sadly say;
"O day of gloom and sadness!"

"O triumph day in courts above!"
We welcome back our Banished.
"O lonely day!" on earth they say,
"We mourn our Master vanished."

Heaven shouts: "O joy without alloy!"
Earth wails: "O sore disaster!"
The angels sing: "Good-morning, King."
Men sigh: "Good-night, O Master."

To-day a countless host on earth
High holiday are keeping,
While praising with the hosts above
Are those who then were weeping.

"The Lord is risen, is risen," they shout.
We answer: "He is risen:
Come, share the feast, O great and least,
Our Lord has left His prison."

Another Easter morn will dawn
(O dawn that darkens never!)
When they who wept, and we who slept,
Have joined the great Forever.

O glorious morn! O cloudless dawn!
When past earth's stormy weather,
Each saint with song has joined that throng
To keep the feast together.

—Louise Dolsy, in N. Y. Observer.

AT EASTER DAWN.

"IF all the beautiful flowers, glowing sunsets, faces of friends — all things were blotted out from your life—" Juliet's lips quivered with emotion. She was

"PAUL!"

unable to finish. The young companion placed her arms tenderly around the speaker's neck.

"Oh, it is terrible to be—this way." It was so hard to say "blind" when its meaning was so real. Juliet Markley and Belle Ellis were both under twenty, and both were penniless and orphans. One could see that they had known better days, but memories of other times could not supply the wants of the ever present now.

Despite the modest little dressmaker's sign upon their door, anything could be ordered from the hemming of a sheet to the most elaborate embroidery.

Alas for the exquisite flowers which grew beneath Juliet's hands while her patron slept the sleep of the—indifferent. She arose from a bed of sickness to find her eyes, which had been likened to pansies, shrouded in darkness. She remembered attending a great reception when a little golden-haired child. It was given in honor of a noble Englishman whom people were lionizing. And this great man came where she was standing by her father's side. "What eyes!" he had exclaimed. "What would Turner do with that face!" Then he had "begged the privilege" of a kiss from the little "lass," and she, childlike, threw her arms about his neck and kissed him, because he had "such a good, kind look."

She thought nothing of his compliments. She was used to them. She asked her father who "Turner" was, and upon being informed that he was a great artist, innocently wondered "what he would do with her face." All her life she had heard of her eyes; now she thought of little else. Oh, the bitterness of that thought!

"I have been thinking," Juliet continued, "that it is a glorious thing to have true friends. All of mine have deserted me but you, Belle. Do you think Paul Webber would have continued to love me through—through everything?"

"Yes, I know it," the other replied. "Juliet, dear, I used to wonder how you could be so indifferent to that good man when he fairly idolized you."

"Belle!" Juliet cried, "I did love him! I wonder why I acted such a fool."

Two years ago, Paul Webber had lavished upon this girl all the devotion his manly heart was capable of bestowing. His were not the pleasing features which win for many a worthless man the affection of foolish girls. Perhaps it was this very fact which made Juliet's peachy skin and dancing blue eyes attract him. One of her thoughtless remarks, which he had overheard, crushed all his bright hopes.

"Oh, yes," she said heartlessly, to some of her young friends who were trying to banter her, "I really think I should love him desperately if I were not compelled to see him."

The last straw! Soon after this he was in a western mining camp. One cannot always escape from one's old life. To this western miner, some one brought word of the sorrow which had come to her whom he loved. "Would she love me now that my homeliness would be hidden from her view?" he asked himself. There was no malice in the question, only a great burning love which knows no barrier, which hails even blindness as a blessing if it will give love for love. Instantly Paul thought himself the unworthiest of men.

All is excitement in the little rooms occupied by Juliet and Belle. There are tears and kisses. Then the pretty sightless young girl is assisted into the cars by such a kind-hearted, gentlemanly man. As the train speeds away, she wonders if all who enter the blind asylum as "charity patients" are treated with so much consideration.

A brief note, naming the day upon which an escort would be sent, threw the little household in a frenzy of delight. Perhaps she would once more behold the light of day! The very thought was overwhelming.

"Doctor," she said, one day, to her physician, "will my sight be restored? Don't give me false hope," she pleaded. "Oh, you wouldn't do that, would you?" she added, pitifully.

In her excitement she grasped the good man's hands.

"We are positive we will be able to effect a complete cure," Dr. Greene said. Then he added something about "worse cases," but she heard it not. "I will see! I will see!" her pretty lips were whispering. Her very soul was thrilled with the glorious thought.

"What a noble charity such an institution is!" she remarked, one day.

"You are mistaken, my dear; it is a private asylum. All of its inmates are 'pay patients.'"

The girl sprang to her feet. "Dr. Greene," she cried, "how came I here—in a pay institution—I, who haven't a cent in the world?"

"Dear miss, it is the work of a good, kind friend."

Juliet could think of no "friend" but Belle, dear Belle, who was as poor as herself.

"Tell me who it is," she said, eagerly.

"You shall know," was the reply. "Let me see, to-morrow will be Easter. Well, if everything is favorable, we will remove the bandages to-morrow."

"Then I want to behold my benefactor before any other living soul," said Juliet.

"It can all be arranged. You shall see—" The girl thought that the last word was "her;" however, she did not hear distinctly.

The momentous day had come. "Miss Juliet, your friend will remove these cloths. I must go to another patient who requires my services."

Kind old Dr. Greene beckoned to some one who stood near the door.

Gently, so gently the coverings were moved. Sudden light might shock the delicate nerves. Then the beautiful eyes, those "pansy" eyes, looked straight into her benefactor's face.

"*Paul!*"

A brief silence followed which was broken by Juliet.

"Paul, I don't deserve this, after the way I treated you!"

"I do not blame you," he replied. "I am glad I can render a service to an old friend." He was struggling hard to appear calm. "Now that I have done so, I will go back to the old camp."

Juliet had fancied that the time might come when Paul would be the same loving Paul of other days. She could detect no trace of love in his look none in his voice. The thought was one of agony.

"You bestow the greatest of blessings upon me and then"—her voice was almost a whisper—"you break my heart."

The lover's forced composure vanished, instantly. "Never! Never!" he exclaimed. "Do you not see, darling, that I love you as dearly as ever, that I have been trying to conceal my love and that it was killing—" He did not complete the remark, but kissed the rosy lips.

No one saw this pretty tableau. The songster in his gilded cage turned his head and sang louder than ever.

"I have been exceedingly fortunate since going west," Mr. Webber remarked with pardonable pride, "but, dear, my interests may suffer if I do not soon return. Can you consent to be married at once?"

The beautiful Easter service was held in the building where Juliet had spent many days longing for, and expecting, happiness but oh, not all the joy that was hers to-day!

"Dear!" she whispered, "Christ ascended into Heaven on Easter, and I—" pausing not to think what an odd comparison she was making—"I have gained both Heaven and earth on Easter."—Susan B. Baker, in Housekeeper.

EASTER ARITHMETIC.

How Dot's Five Eggs Grew to Ten, and Back Again to Five.

"There are just three dozen eggs in the pantry, I believe," said Mrs. Brown on Easter Monday, as she gathered up the breakfast dishes. "You children may have them if you really want them; there will be just six apiece. I'll boil them and color them for you, and I hope you'll have no end of fun with them."

"All right, mamma!" "Hurrah for Easter eggs!" "Six for me!" "Won't that be fun!" "Be sure to boil 'em hard!" "I want blue ones!"

So it went, from fourteen-year-old Bob to four-year-old Bessie.

Into the kettle rolled three dozen fresh white eggs, but one had a thin shell, so only thirty-five came out whole, and, of course, nobody knew whose egg was broken.

"Six into thirty-five five times, and five over," said twelve-year-old Daisy. "Now, who's the 'five over'? You, Bob?"

"I wouldn't give a cent for less than half a dozen," said Bob, gloomily. "Isn't five enough for you, Bess? You're the littlest."

"I dot to have sits," said Bessie, firmly.

"I don't need but five," said Dot, who was eight years old. "I couldn't eat six if I tried."

When the eggs were finished and counted out, Dot had gone to a neighbor's with a message from mamma. She was always the one to run errands, or go upstairs, or hunt up lost things. Bob remembered that, and followed his mother into the pantry to say: "Just put this biggest one with Dot's; she ought to have it."

Presently Daisy edged up to the kitchen table and whispered: "Here's the prettiest of mine, mamma. That's for Dot."

Later the twins came together on the same errand, and finally little Bessie remarked: "I dess I don't want sits," and one of hers went, too.

So, when Dot came back, she was very much surprised to find ten eggs instead of five.

"What nice children!" she said. "Whatever made 'em think of that? But where are your eggs, mamma? You didn't count yourself at all, and I know you like eggs. Now there'll be five for you and five for me, and we'll just every one of us have five apiece, won't we?"—Youth's Companion.

Dance of the Sun.

In many parts of Ireland and England in olden days the belief obtained that on Easter morning the sun danced in honor of the resurrection. On the evening of Holy Saturday great preparations were made for the finishing of Lent; many a fat hen and dainty piece of bacon were put in the pot by the cotter's wife, and woe to the person who should taste it before the stroke of twelve, but at that hour would be heard the clapping of hands and cries of "Out with the Lent!" All would be feasting and merriment for a few hours, when the good people would retire, to rise about four o'clock in order "to see the sun dance." This custom was not confined to the humble laborer and his family, but was observed by educated and wealthy people as well. An allusion to this superstition occurs in an old ballad, which says:

"But, Dick, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

—Chicago Tribune.

Becoming More Commonly Observed.

A few years ago the custom of observing Easter was not as general as it is at present. Two religious denominations observed it as a church feast. The week of Easter was the most important one in the whole year, ending as it did the penitential forty days of Lent. There was more solemnity and more rejoicing in the observance of this season than in Christmas, for it betokened the new birth of the whole world, a return of life to the universe. From being a special feast of a church it became a season of gladness everywhere, and now even the commercial world emulates the religious bodies in its warmth of welcome and in preparations for the great event. — Detroit Free Press.

Easter Sunday.

How beautiful the flowers—
The lilies white and fair!
The music was delightful—
The hymns, the chanted prayer.

The toilettes were so perfect,
Of textures rich and rare,
No wonder that each of us
Would at the other stare.

Oh! 'twas a glorious service,
And you should have been there.
"But how about the sermon?"
You've got me, I declare.

—Judge

WOMAN AND HOME.

CHARMING LITTLE DEN.

Hints That May Prove of Value to the Girl Who Needs One.

Every girl wants some spot, be it never so small, for her very own. Confidences are not easily exchanged in a room where she is constantly subject to interruptions from the friends of her mamma or her big sister, or where the younger children have the right of way. Some place there must be where she can talk over the last party with her dearest Aminta, or sit and dream of the last dance at that party and of certain sweet, whispered nothings; a sanctum where she can perchance let her maiden fancies overflow in rhymes too sacred for any eye. If this can be apart from her bedroom so much the better.

A PRETTY CORNER.

There is often an unused hall room that can be taken for this purpose, and only needs a little ingenuity on the part of the fair owner to make it a very holy of holies.

Such a den has been evolved by a Brooklyn girl, with her great-grandma's brocade curtains for a starting point. The room, a second-story hall room in a wide, old-fashioned house, built when land was something less than thousands of dollars a front foot, was vacant by reason of the fact that the son and heir is away at college. The paper, a pinkish cream and gold, and the woodwork, also of pinkish cream, lent themselves readily to a color scheme of blue and cream, suggested by the aforesaid brocade curtains of an exquisite silk and linen texture and of the most fashionable and delightful shades of blue.

The door leading into the hall was taken from its hinges and one of the wide curtains hung in its place from a pole of cream enamel and gold. In the deep window a seat was fitted and cushioned with blue corduroy; Moorish fretwork was placed across the top, and from this fell a second curtain, divided in the middle and looped back at either side. Close to the glass underneath the shades the window was curtained with sheer white curtains like the rest of the house. On the wall at the right stood a capacious box lounge covered with the brocade. The pillows had washable covers of white linen embroidered with the motif of the brocade in blue Roman floss. In the box underneath some of mademoiselle's party dresses repose at full length.

Opposite, nearly the whole length of the room, stand low book shelves of oak filled with rare and dainty editions of her favorite authors, while the top is used for the display of bric-a-brac and souvenirs of her last trip abroad. On the right of the window as you enter is placed the low bamboo tea table, with its pretty appointments, and at the left is the oak desk cozily littered with writing materials. Two low easy chairs, a work basket and some beautiful etchings and photographs in oak or white and gold frames complete the charming interior.

THE ENGLISH IVY.

Training the Plant So That It Always Looks Fresh and Green.

Old plant growers do not need to be told of the good qualities of the English ivy for a successful indoor climber; but those who are just essaying house plants may be pleased to learn that with this plant they can have a climber to train up and along the wall, and over pictures, if desired, and that it always looks fresh and green. Its leaves are thick and of a leathery texture, and are capable of withstanding the effects of considerable changes in temperature, of dry air, dust, and all the other disturbing agencies to plant life which are present in living rooms. Planted in ordinary potting soil in a medium-sized pot it is ready to commence a growth which will continue for years, if only it is supplied with water and kept free from insects. It should be trained in such a manner that it can be taken down and restored again to its position, and this can be done by the use of a good strong cord or a wire. It is more or less subject to green fly, as are nearly all other plants, and it is liable to harbor scale insects. If the young plant has no scale insects on it, and there are none on other plants in the house, it may remain exempt from them indefinitely. It is better, therefore, to guard this point in starting a plant. Green fly, of course, is easily overcome by the well-known usual methods. Sulpho-tobacco soap perhaps is the best for the purpose in connection with this and other house plants.—Vick's Magazine.

Dainty Almond Macaroons.

Pound four ounces of blanched almonds fine in a mortar, with one tablespoonful of rose water. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth and then gently stir into them half a pound of powdered sugar and the pounded almonds. Drop them by the teaspoonful on buttered pans or on white paper, dust them lightly with powdered sugar and bake them slowly for about twenty minutes in a rather cool oven. Almonds are blanched by letting them lie in boiling water for a few moments until the skins rub off easily with a cloth.

Gay Are the New Dusters.

Dusters are now seen in flaunting colors and they have also gone up in price. They have long sterling silver handles and feathers in all the new and æsthetic shades. Dusters of blue feathers as soft as down rival those of cerise in popularity. Mother-o'-pearl handles are also the vogue. These dusters are supposed to be used by milady herself and not by her maid.

ABOUT DINNER-GIVING.

Some Hints for Ladies Who Like This Form of Hospitality.

Dinner-giving should not be a great tax on any good housekeeper; her domestic affairs should be so arranged and in such good running order that the mere fact of having a few extra persons to entertain is of very little moment. Table decoration, to be in good taste, should be very simple. There was a time, only a few years ago, when we ran into tremendous extremes in this regard, says a writer in Harper's Bazar. At dinners favors were sometimes given, which for many persons it was an embarrassment to accept. But we have seen the folly of all this, and have modified our ways, and now we entertain in a more temperate and certainly in a much more refined manner. Any ostentatious display of wealth is vulgar, and is generally so considered.

Candles are used for lighting dinner tables, chiefly because the light is supposed to be softer and more becoming. These are placed either in single candlesticks, disposed in some regular way on the table, or in low candelabra. Shades are used or not, as one prefers. If they are used, the table decorations should be kept harmonious in color. There is an asbestos lining which can be bought separate from the shades, and can be readily used. This prevents any danger of their burning. The candles themselves should be very cold, and if they are laid in an ice-chest all day, they will burn evenly, without any of that disagreeable melting which is so disfiguring to the candle and so damaging to the candlestick. There are all sorts and kinds of devices used as a substitute for candles, but the best taste is to have the real thing, and with just a little thought given to the subject the wax candles ought to burn satisfactorily. Small lamps are often used, and sometimes there is no light on the table itself, illumination depending entirely upon a drop-light, which, with a handsome shade, casts a mellow glow on the table, and is absolutely no trouble at all to arrange. I have seen a pretty effect produced, when there was a chandelier directly over the table, by arranging an open Japanese umbrella so that the light was softly diffused through this medium, and at the same time one's head was protected from the heat of the gas.

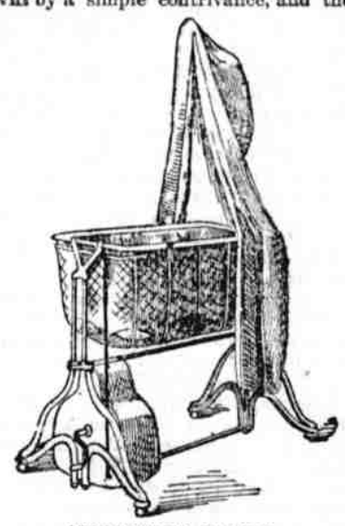
Flowers should be odorless, if possible, when used for a dinner-table decoration, as strong-scented blossoms are apt to make some persons f[illegible] Of course violets, roses and [illegible] would not come under the head of heavy perfumes. The floral decoration should be kept low, so as not to obstruct the view across the table. A boutonniere is often placed at each gentleman's plate, and a long-stemmed rose at each lady's. It is a pretty fashion, sometimes observed, to put a few violets in each finger-bowl. The center piece can be so arranged as to be fashioned of a number of bouquets, so that after dinner the man or maid can pass a tray upon which these bouquets are placed, and each lady may select her own.

Besides the flowers and the candles there are also placed on the table quaint silver bonbon-dishes containing candies, cake, etc.

SELF-ROCKING CRADLE.

A Novelty That Will Be Welcomed by Many Tired Mothers.

A cradle set in motion by clockwork mechanism is certainly a novelty, and will be welcomed by many overworked mothers and nurses. In outward appearance this novel cot is much the same as the ordinary wire net bassinette, suspended between two upright supports, the motor being inclosed in a metal casing, which is fixed in the front part of the cot. The mechanism is wound up with a key and started by a button, when it will produce a steady and noiseless rocking motion at a very slow and gentle speed, lasting from one to forty minutes. The swinging motion can be stopped and restarted at will by a simple contrivance, and the



SELF-ROCKING CRADLE.

clockwork is constructed to rock a child up to thirty pounds in weight, corresponding with the age of eighteen months. The rocking motion is not affected by the movements of the child. —London Queen.

When Selecting a Veil.

The salesgirl at the veil counter has some good ideas. Buy a wide enough veil, she urges, always double width, unless it is over a close bonnet; buy a good quality—the flimsy rags are the most expensive in the end, and never look well at any time of their service; select one of fine net, with a far-apart small dot; the cross-barred meshes make lines on the face that are exactly like wrinkles, and the sprigged and be-figured ones are equally unbecoming; don't use an edged veil, it only makes a thick look about the throat as all veils now are gathered under the chin, not left hanging free, and above all, don't wear a veil after it is torn; a slit across one eye or on the nose, or showing a bit of hair, is intolerable, and spoils an otherwise effective toilet, and finally, always pin, never tie, a veil.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Preston E. Egleston, colored, took the first prize in an oratorical contest recently held at the University of Indiana, his subject being "Abraham Lincoln." He is the son of a barber, and one of two colored men in the university.

—Henry M. Stanley is about to publish a new book, "My Early Travels and Adventures," in which he will give the story of the campaign against the Indians in 1867; his travels through Turkey, Armenia and Persia, and the opening of the Suez canal.

—Babu Pratap Chander Roy, who translated the Mahabharata into English, died recently in Calcutta. Ninety-two parts of his translation have already appeared, and only eight remain to be published. The work is eight times as long as the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" combined.

—Norman McLeod, of McLeod, for sixty years chief of the clan, died recently in Paris, aged 82. He was twenty-second in regular male descent from Olaf Olors, king of Man and the Isles in 1237. Though a Highland chief, he was for many years director of the science and art department of the South Kensington museum.

—A copy of Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities" in the original parts brought $63 at a late London sale. "Pickwick" in the original wrappers fetched $51; a first edition of "Robinson Crusoe" $215, and "Tales and Quick Answers" (Shakespeare's jest book), the copy belonging to Thackeray, with original drawings by him on the margins, $87.

—Abdurrahman, ameer of Afghanistan, is one of the most interesting despots in the world. He is over fifty years of age, a man of great stature and colossal strength, with a broad, massive countenance and brilliant black eyes. He is a man of great intellectual power and of a wide range of information. He is feared by his enemies and adored by his friends.

—Du Maurier is writing another novel, but he frankly acknowledges that it will not make the hit achieved by "Trilby." Those who know something in detail about the work upon which he is now engaged speak of it as a much more artistic story than either of his former novels, but fear that the tremendous popularity of "Trilby" will operate to hurt the sale of the new book.

—Miss Julie Cooper, a niece of Peter Cooper, is the one of the family on whom the great philanthropist's mantle has fallen, though the public knows but little of her wide charities. She is a handsome woman of the world who conceals as far as possible her constant good works. She supports a kindergarten entirely at a cost of $300 a month, and that is only one item in a long list.

—A manuscript volume of five hundred folio pages, written in the seventeenth century, full of poetry hitherto unpublished, was recently discovered in the library of Trinity college, Dublin, by Dr. A. B. Grosart. It contains a "Farewell to Fortune," written by Bacon after his fall, a New Year's greeting to the countess of Chesterfield by Massinger, an Epithalamium in [illegible] handwriting of Thomas Randolph [illegible]ms by Beaumont and Cyril Tourneur, and a great many minor poets.

HUMOROUS.

—"A designing man I hate!" cried Nell,
With scornful head erect.
And yet within a year she loved
And wed an architect!

—N. O. Times-Democrat.

—A Great Risk.—He—"A little knowledge, don't you know, is a dangerous thing." She—"Yes, I know. Have you had your life insured?"—Detroit Free Press.

—"Ef women," said Uncle Eben, "am ez contrary ez some folks 'clah's dey is, de bes' way ter git 'em out of wantin' suffrage am ter tell 'em dey gotter vote."—Washington Star.

—Wife—"I am afraid you are not enjoying my dinner. What are you thinking of?" Husband—"I was thinking that there must be misprints in your cook-book."—Fliegende Blatter.

—"It's all nonsense, dear, about wedding cake. I put an enormous piece under my pillow and dreamed of nobody." "Well?" "And the next night I ate it and dreamed of everybody."—Life.

—"It is astonishing what a poor memory I have," complained the sad-faced man with the yellow goatee. "Why, I can't even remember a smoking-room funny story."—Indianapolis Journal.

—Green—"I'm dreadfully troubled with insomnia. I simply can't go to sleep at night." Brown—"Why don't you make up your mind that you have to catch a midnight train and resolve to stay awake?"—N. Y. Herald.

—Meekly—"I think we will have rain, my dear." Mrs. Meekly (very strong-minded)—"You presume beyond your province. When did I authorize you to use the plural. I am going to have some rain."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

—"Scribbleton Rimes has the Du Maurier craze the worst of anybody I've yet seen," said a young man. "What has he been doing?" "He asked me yesterday if I didn't think the feet in his poetry reminded one of Trilby's."—Washington Star.

—A barber, after applying some sticking-plaster to a gash made with the razor, prepared, nothing daunted, to continue the operation. Customer—"I only fight up to first blood. The duel is at an end; let us shake hands."—Il Motto per Ridere.

—"Gentlemen, I can't lie about the horse; he is blind in one eye," said the auctioneer. The horse was soon knocked down to a citizen who had been greatly struck by the auctioneer's honesty's, and after paying for the horse, he said: "You were honest enough to tell me that this animal was blind in one eye. Is there any other defect?" "Yes, sir, there is. He is also blind in the other eye," was the prompt reply.—Tit-Bits.